

Fog Unknown



To:

A beast in the shadows

I let you rest on my balcony to let your wounds heal in a safe place.

Away from the dangers of the midnight forest.

Hunted for sport, you claimed to be the last of your kind.

Forever hidden away before vulnerability drew you out.

Claws as sharp as knives and eyes as bright as a full moon.

Skin hidden by fur and scales.

Truly a beast in the shadows that one would expect to be waiting for an opportunity to strike.

Yet, you offered flowers so gently on my doorstep.

You were never a beast.

Simply a creature misunderstood.

You.

Be careful out there.

The world is no place for us.

Let's meet again, in the stars where we'll rule the night sky.

At least I hope.

From, a former friend.

A folk letter from tales we have forgotten

Pinpoint

[Thank you for your patience. I apologize that this took so long to begin but I hope you all enjoy the beginning of this story. Just a quick boundary check, I personally am not a fan of my work being compared to other works. Also wanted to say please avoid sexual or suggestive comments, I am sex repulsed and would very much prefer to not see anything involving such stuff, so please respect my wishes. Thank you once again. Enjoy..

Also if you are new to my works, welcome ! I want to give a quick note that I don't write romance/ships, everything is platonic!!]

A nightly breeze twirled the fallen leaves that scattered these empty Yoyle city streets, where debris also gathered around telling the tales of an incident that seemed to be left forgotten.

An empty city was no surprise to anyone really, many knew that Yoyle city had been abandoned before those who competed in a competition for Dream Island had come across it and settled down at such a place. As they waited for the next events that will come to add excitement to their lives once more, many other objects had arrived to call this place home at the time. They formed friendships and grew to understand each other, even if they kept their distances from a select few they couldn't get along with. Regardless, more came and

the city grew to be alive once more...

A rushing crunch of leaves at every step was made as the armed and hooded object ran swiftly down the deserted Yoyle streets, releasing an echo at every sound they made that bounced between the empty walls. They carried their loaded crossbow in hand as they held it close to their chest, taking aim at every few steps where they came to a halt for a moment at any rustle that revealed itself to the hollow city. Once nothing appeared or any sign of danger was lacking, they would continue on their hurried pace as they searched and searched for something in the shadows.

Brief clouds would pass by overhead, plunging the area into a complete darkness for a few moments before clearing up as best as it could for a mist hung amongst the emptiness making visibility rather difficult. But the racing object took sharp turns, as well as ducked and jumped over debris that got in the way. Their search seemed restless as they held a strong focus to where they were headed, before a loud thud caught their attention. They halted instantly, holding a still aim where they saw the ruined entrance of an abandoned building. The pitch black darkness inside hid every corner of the room and fell deathly silent after the sound. The object stood unmoving, holding their crossbow tighter and fixing their index finger onto the trigger that would release the sharp handcrafted arrow in an instant.

No movement.

No sound.

The thick breeze passed through as the object stood its ground in this painful waiting game, letting the hood over their head flow strongly with the wind. *Maybe it was nothing. Maybe the wind had entered the building and knocked something over..* Though it was highly unlikely, it was better to believe such a thought compared to holding a stalemate with possibly nothing but a simple empty abyss. The object lowered their arms slowly, allowing the tension to break.

Crk.

In an instant, the object whipped around behind themselves, not taking

even a moment before quickly taking aim and pulling the trigger on their crossbow. In the blink of an eye, the arrow shot forward at whatever had snuck up behind them, but seemingly missed as it whooshed past the presumed individual— "COINY!" Needle stumbled to the side when the arrow had flown past her, before it hit metal and made a loud *clink* that echoed throughout the area.

A rustle came from inside the building as Coiny looked back at the entrance he held his focus on just a couple moments ago. A small feral object that looked to be a carrot holding rat-like features had scurried out of the darkness, it glanced at the two objects that held no such feral features. It twitched its whiskers and nose as it sniffed at their direction, before scuttling off into the bushes nearby. Coiny blinked before reaching for his hood and putting it down. A deep scratch ran down across his coin body, almost claiming his right eye by an inch or two. Old scars cluttered his limbs, with one scar being the most prominent of them all as it made its presence known with a deep slash planted right down his left arm. Though it was healed and clearly treated well, evidence of its damage were left behind permanently as the fingers on his left hand clearly held less strength in them compare to his other hand, which held onto the crossbow's handle tightly.

Coiny turned to look at Needle, who was clearly furious as her brows were furrowed in what Coiny could only describe as immense anger. He gave an awkward smile as he held her gaze rather apologetically, "What are *you* doing out here?!" Needle began, as she raised her voice sharply "I-" "You know as well as I do that it's dangerous out here, this isn't some stupid playground! You had no reason to just run off like that!?" Needle didn't allow Coiny to defend himself as she walked up to him with nothing but fury in her eyes. "You could've **DEID!!**" Coiny flinched, "Now hey, wait a minute. Do you think I'm that incapable of defending myself?" "That's not the point, Coiny!" Needle gave a heavy sigh as she held an angered gaze on the shorter object. "Whatever. Come on, let's get back to the truck, everyone is probably waiting for us by now." Needle spat this harshly as she turned around and began to walk the way they both had came from. Coiny stood still for a moment, watching the needle walk away, knowing well that if he didn't get moving now then she would've definitely just left him here. He placed his crossbow on his back, attaching it to a hook

that held it tightly in place as he walked forward, following Needle close behind after picking up his pace to catch up with her.

The walk was just the same as the race that Coiny had done, only lacking the heavy adrenaline that rushed throughout his body at the time.. but now, it was just a quiet and slow walk back to the truck he had left behind in a hurry. Coiny dragged behind a bit, but Needle didn't seem to notice, or at least paid no attention to him as she strictly walked forward with a caution in every step. He stared at her sympathetically, she had so much she already had to deal with and his, not so surprising stunt, only added to the work pile that she was struggling to manage as is. Needle had an abundance of scars and scratches as well, but none of them were ever deep enough. She was fast and agile.. which brought the thought of how strange it was that she didn't immediately catch up and stop him when he was running... Needle is one of the fastest of their entire group, she could've easily stopped him immediately with no issue but instead she let him go on for a while... Was she curious where he was headed?...

Coiny held the strap of his quiver tightly as he thought, but as if willed to existence, Needle spoke up "Why do you keep looking for her?" Her voice was low, though it held no anger, only concern as she continued her gaze forward without even a glance towards Coiny. Coiny only held a strong silence as his sluggish pace dragged across the broken and cluttered streets. What was he supposed to say.. any time he answered this same question over and over again it was always the same response, his lips only quivered lightly enraged at the thought alone that they didn't care as much as he did. They never searched. Never mentioned. They never even held the thought that maybe. Just. Maybe. She was still out there..

"Coiny?" Coiny blinked as he came to a halt in front of Needle, who had stopped a moment before him to finally turn to face the worn out coin that followed her. Coiny looked up at her unreadable face, that looked just as exhausted as his own. The things they've seen, the things they do to stay alive was so clear in the marks they held that covered their bodies, faces and minds. Too much had happened and everyone had been experiencing the same fatigue, guilt, grief and so much more that couldn't be put into simple words.

But Coiny had been experiencing the strongest grief compared to everyone else. No one forgot those they had lost and seen taken by those who held only greed and selfishness, but eventually they would move on, knowing well that if they stuck to such a loss then they themselves may not live long enough to see better days as well. But Coiny never let go, he held onto the sharp strings so tightly that the palm of his hands would rush with his crimson blood. Yet, even with that, he would only hold tighter and tighter with any chance he got to find her. Everyone saw the pain, they could see the harm this was doing to his psyche and only tried to help the best they could. But you can only help so much before an unbreakable barrier blocks your path. From there on, it was up to them to lower it or dig themselves out of the ditch they had created for themselves in hopes to be closer to what they had lost. But Coiny was blinded by grief for months on end. Any help would be met with the hollow hand of a ghost that only wanted to rest in peace.

"You can't keep doing this." Coiny only tightened his grip on the quiver strap, blankly staring down at the deep cracks in the ground that revealed the roots of nature fighting through and reclaiming this city once more. "She's gone." His hands ached and trembled as he only strengthened his grip. "She's been gone for months." He could feel the tips of his nails attempting to pierce through the palms of his hands. "You have to let go—" "YOU DONT KNOW THAT!" Needle flinched as Coiny glared up at her with a furious look. Coiny tried to keep his trembling body still as he blinked a few times, trying to rid of the stinging sensation that had taken over his eyes. His tears rushed down in streams that watered the pavement below, finding its way into the tight cracks of the street. Coiny made no attempt to wipe away the tears, only holding a shattered and harsh gaze on Needle, who only looked at him with worry as he let out shaky breaths at each inhale and exhale.

It was clear that she had struck a nerve and he made no effort to hide it, before using every bit of strength he had in his left arm to point towards the far reaching distance behind him. His arm trembled as his fingers weakly tried to flex the muscles that held their structure, failing as they would instead contract and flex every moment as they too shook tremendously. The function in his left arm was barely there, letting him only hold things when he needed to use an open

palm. But he didn't care, he couldn't care. He had to make a point, an attempt to make a proper point to get them to leave him alone once and for all. Let him search and look for her no matter how long it takes. Coiny knew well that he wouldn't accept her being gone until he sees her lifeless body for himself. Only when he sees her drained and exhausted eyes, feels her cold skin against his fingers, and when he finally hears her draw her last final breath. Only then, will he truly accept her fate.

He drew in a sharp inhale, giving a small hiccup when the polluted air entered his aching lungs, "Pin. Is out there." Coiny tried to keep a steady and fixed gaze on Needle while his left hand shook viscously, holding in all the strength it could as he tried to continue pointing out into the dark distance they had left behind. Coiny coughed as he drew in another breath, his tears blurring his vision by now as Needle only seemed like a strange grey figure that stood motionless with small details being unknown to him, "You all gave up. You. You all say that. You care. But when I go OUT THERE and look for her." Another weak cough escaped his lips as he let his aching arm gently lower back down to his side. "Just. Leave me alone. If I die out there trying to find her. Then so be it."

Needle only stood there in his blurred vision, she couldn't let out a word as she watched Coiny trying to wipe away the tears that continued to escape his eyes in vain. His trembling only lingered as coughs and hiccups found their way out of his lips once more.

He caught a glimpse of Needle reaching forward at the corner of his eye. Did she really think she could provide comfort for him all of a sudden, after the words she said, does she think he wouldn't care?! Coiny continued to wipe away any tears that managed to get out, getting ready to push Needle away once she puts a hand on him. But instead, she had stopped midway as footsteps began to echo heading towards them.

Coiny could only squint as he tried to make out the two new figures that had entered his vision, "You found him!" The familiar voice that came from the red figure startled him slightly as he watched, who had to be Firey, walk up to them with a blue figure trailing right behind him. Firey and Coiny were rivals for a long time before they arrived here, a rivalry made up of bitterness and general irritation

was never ending between them as they picked at and even physically fought one another. Once they all had settled down here in this city, Firey was caged up high for the traitorous acts he had committed after the competition, which only fueled their rivalry even more. No one could see them ever getting along, not even in a million years.. but after things changed, their lives became uncertain chaos and unrecoverable death was at every corner, they began to get along. They spoke often and even bonded over time as they put such rivalry aside and let a strong-meaningful friendship bloom in its place.

Out of everyone in their group, Firey was always there for Coiny when he needed someone. Of course, everyone was there for Coiny if ever needed but these searches had gone on for so long, that many had given up on him. But Firey held on and never let him go like the rest of them did, and now he stood in front of the two, focusing more on his now best friend.

Coiny blinked a couple of times, attempting to clear up his vision and embrace the appearances of those around him. Firey looked at him, both sympathetically and relieved to see him safe once more. Firey's fire had shrunk a little over time, and its strength had faltered as it became a dull red that danced around slowly in a gentle motion compared to the usual energy his fire held before. The current events had exhausted his body as well, but he held a lot less scars than the others, which would've been a nice relief if it weren't for the fact he had lost a leg in the recent months. His missing leg was replaced with a well handcrafted prosthetic leg that was made specifically to traverse across unkept terrain and to allow for easy mobility in any scenario that would require him to race as if his life depended on it.

But yet, even with all that had occurred to everyone, he still held a smile in these dire times "You okay?" Firey reached out and placed a gentle hand on his friend's shoulder, giving it a light squeeze in hopes it would help Coiny focus better. At any other time, Coiny would've appreciated this gesture immensely, any comfort at all was heavenly and sought out for when everyone had such a similar situation. You couldn't tell someone it would get better or things would be okay when you yourself were scared and uncertain of what the future held in these circumstances. Coiny would've let himself be consumed by

this comfort, a friendly and welcoming act that he would more than willingly allow himself to simply fall into his friend's arms and melt into a comforting embrace that held more than what simple words could give. A friend's love was all that was needed to keep going.

But this was different, he knew that even Firey wanted him to let go of Pin. He never said it straightforward to Coiny, but never truly denied it either. Coiny was well aware that this was not out of any ill intentions and really was only out of strong concern for his dear friend. But that didn't matter to Coiny, not now at least as he gave a grunt in response and harshly shoved off Firey's hand from his shoulder, startling the poor flame with the sudden aggressive action.

Firey didn't say a word though, as he watched Coiny turn away from him rather quickly, before feeling a hard poke on his arm. Firey turned to look at the individual who had requested for his attention, being met with Teardrop, who began signing *'We have to get going.'* Firey gave a quick nod before facing the other two once more, "The truck isn't that far from here, it's best we discuss things back at the shelter. Who knows who's probably watching us out here by now.." Teardrop had already begun walking away with Needle following behind a moment after. Coiny was rooted in place, he couldn't find her this time, nor any other time.. What if this really was just a hopeless search for nothing, who knows what had happened to her. Pin's disappearance was sudden, at the time, she had offered to go on a lone trip in search of materials that was difficult to get in a group or even in a pair. A small group had gone out with her to the set location, camping out near the area for several days. They had received no responses back from Pin, resulting in someone else heading inside to check on her. Yet, instead of seeing the red thumbtack, they were met with a scene that shook them to their core. Fresh blood splatters plastered a ruined room, along with the clear indication of struggling that came from torn furniture and erratic instances of smeared blood. No body was found, it was silent and the report back was that she was presumed dead by whatever had attacked her.

Coiny flinched at the sudden feeling of a warm hand gently patting his back, he glanced at Firey, who only looked at him with warm sympathetic eyes as he tried to get Coiny to move. Luckily, Coiny

didn't push him away this time, only giving a curt nod before beginning to walk away, being supported by Firey along the way.

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"Took you guys long enough." Fries was sitting in the old farm truck's passenger seat, leaning back against the seat with his legs held up. "Alright TD, it's your turn to drive us back to base." Fries continued and readjusted himself as the small group began getting closer to the truck, with Teardrop rubbing her hands together in excitement to finally get her hands on the wheel. One by one they got onto the back of the truck, which creaked from over-usage and rusted parts. The truck had seen better days, but clearly had been through a lot in the recent months and had marks and scratches from several different attacks that had hit its exterior shell. Several sections of it was put together in what looked to be in a rushed manner, with some parts seeming unstable as they would wobble at every moment the objects stepped onto and around the inside of the truck. They had seats and handles for exactly six individuals, not including the seats at the front that could only hold two objects.

Teardrop grabbed onto the door handle, opening the truck door and pulling herself up to the driver's seat with eagerness in her actions as she got comfortable in her seat and shut the door. Placing her hands on the steering wheel, she couldn't wait to see how fast she could go and show off what she could do, but Fries quickly caught onto what Teardrop was planning when she grabbed the keys to switch on the truck. "We're only heading back to the base, don't you dare think about pulling any stunts. This truck can already barely handle us being in it." Teardrop's enthusiasm died down as she gave Fries a quick glare, before rolling her eyes as she swiftly turned the key to start the vehicle.

Everyone in the back had settled down into their assigned seats,

holding onto the handles that allowed for support on the bumpy trip back. Needle sat across from Firey and Coiny, who were seated right next to each other, with Firey keeping a tight grip on Coiny's shoulder. Coiny didn't seem to care about it though, as he blankly stared towards the entrance, watching the distant buildings grow smaller and smaller while the truck went on.

Hello ! Yes, I know it's April fools day so this is probably a surprise idk but yes I am starting work on a new fanfic, hopefully making a proper cover soon as well !

I'm unsure if the title will be kept the way it is or if I will make a new one later on, but for now, I hope you all enjoyed this !

I'm also unsure at the pace I'll go with this story, and for now it will just be a whenever I want really.

Anyways, I got nothing else, cya guys !!!

-3790 words-